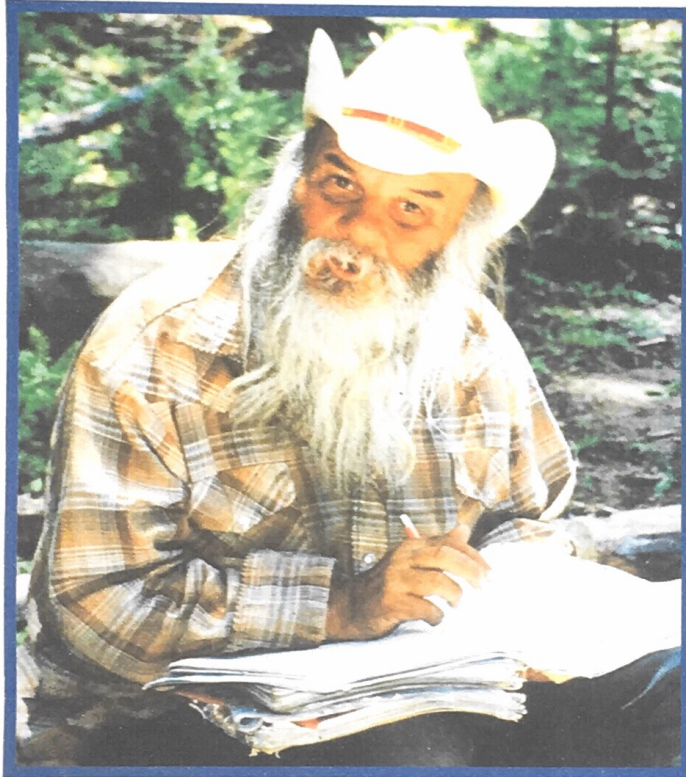




Rainbow Family

Life Stories



*by Jodey Bateman.
Interviews with Rainbow
Family of Living Light
folks conducted between
1977 and 2008.
Scanned in 2018.
Jodey Bateman may be
contacted on Facebook.*

04.M

GARRICK - "To Build a Mass
Movement"

[3 of 4]

22 pages

[04.M]

it together through that whole period - Leika Family was brave too. The home was half built. We moved back into the upstairs of the main house. Downstairs was the endless kitchen. We served two meals a day. It was a colossal effort. Runaways - parents looking for runaways - refugees from cocaine - lots of AWOL GI's - love bunnies. Three guys showed up, hid themselves out in the woods with several sets of suitcases and left in a borrowed car that they never returned. Four teenagers showed up in a brand new 1971 Buick. The trunk was full of cigarettes. They came in offering us these as a gift. I said "Some people will like the cigarettes, but you can't leave that stolen car in our front yard."

The youngest one squeaked "How did you know it was stolen?"

They drove off the next morning and robbed two pistols from our neighbors down the road. The mom there was hidden watching them. They went over the hill towards town, hit this old farmer over the head with a pistol. Then they dumped the car over a cliff. They thought "It's several miles from the farm. No one will ever find it."

Then they came back to the farm, thinking that we would hide them out. The deputies were out hunting for them. And rather than risk getting shot, they accepted our offer of a ride to turn themselves in. RAINBOWS CAPTURE THUGS ran the headlines.

The Pride Family showed up. They knew gardening, they knew auto mechanics and building construction. They were artists, poets, writers, jewelers. Artie, Pepe, White Light and a bunch of others. But even more important than their technical skills, these folks had a lot of experience with the problems we were facing. One of these was the increasing conflicts between the vegetarians and the carnivores. The bloc in our situation was that the two sides didn't respect each other. The worst of it was when a carnivore team cooked dinner and with knowledge aforethought fed dogs to the vegetarians.

In the middle of all these bizarre circumstances were beautiful

communal feasts, tremendous loving, caring and sharing - so it wasn't all bad. But the changes came quick like a roller coaster from ~~crisis~~ to really idyllic and back to crisis.

Eden Star, my first child, was born in the middle of all this. Karen's labors seemed endless. One day there were contractions and they subsided before bed time. The next day the same, only a little stronger. The same for five or six days until the contractions would last on and off through the day and an exhausted Karen would fall asleep, only to be woken up increasingly each night by contractions. On July 11, in the early morning hours, Eden was born in the upstairs room, which was full mostly of close friends, amid our soft hums and encouragements.

The first person we ever threw off the farm showed up about 3 a.m., threw open the doors of his van, flipped on the speaker switch for Led Zeppelin's "Stairway to Heaven" and began hollering "Where's the party? Where's the party?"

Of course, we didn't throw him out for that. We just showed him where to park and he went off grumbling about - what volume could he set Led Zeppelin at?

Seems he had married some admiral's daughter who paid him to stay away. Periodically these brown-wrapped bundles of money would arrive for him at the mail box - thousands and thousands of dollars. "You want tomatoes?" he said. Voila - a truckload of tomatoes. It made it seem kind of funny to be busting our asses cultivating tomatoes in the garden when this guy could make them appear in such great quantities.

A woman named Mary from the houseboat scene in Venice, California, said she wanted goats. This guy scored us six goats. Taking care of goats is a big job for beginners. They got into everything. Needless to say, he acquired numerous followers from among the many travelers on the circuit who were at the farm. Chocolate, coffee, cigars and tobacco - he provided

those in abundance.

Major, one of the stalwarts of the farm, suggested he build a good structure, and so came to be Fat City. One day after the not-unusual search for a hammer, he brings cases of hammers. I tell you, when the fuel supply ran low at the Fat City firebox, they simply stoked it with hammer handles instead of making the trek to the woodshed. The Sears truck arrived with freezers and washer-driers. There he was, offering to install electric lines.

But our first sign that he was getting really out of hand came when in the middle of the softball game, he spiked the opposing team's one-gallon water jug with 120 hits of mescaline. We were afraid they were gonna rip him to shreds, but they agreed just to rip his beard out by hand. They did.

A couple of weeks later, he molested two small boys. Although he threatened them if they told, they did anyway and we held a tremendous council. Everybody came. We were divided into three opinions. One was the take-justice-into-our-own-hands group who wanted to feed him to the killer attack dog that this Navy man had brought to the farm. A second opinion was that we should forgive him and hold hands around him and pray for his soul. A third opinion - the compromise - was that he just had to go. We packed up his stuff and headed him out.

That whole summer of '71 scene was so wacko. I'm glad I only had to do it once. I couldn't do it again. It was one of the deeper things that ever happened to me. I still haven't assimilated it all. Despite all our mistakes, the gardens ripened, billings went up and we carried on in fine style.

A letter arrived from Feather River, California, from Barry containing the idea that an invitation needed to be published for the upcoming Colorado Gathering and containing a draft invitation. We read the long letter out loud in our circle and set in motion the process to print and publish the invitation to

The gathering through Bull Frog Information Service up in Eugene, Oregon and also an article for the ~~same~~ Bullfrog magazine about the gathering.

This invitation was reprinted many, many times. They did beautiful calligraphy. It was silk-screened large-size and sewn into the backs of many, many people's jackets. It was reprinted in many newspapers and flyers, often with various letters on the back which began with the words "Howdy Folks." So the letter and invitation came to be known as the Howdy Folks, though the original in Bull Frog was titled "New Jerusalem, Mandala City for All People."

Isha, my sister, arrived at the farm less than a week after Eden was born. Isha was four years old. She had been smuggled out of jail in Brazil by the underground there after my parents had been jailed there on a trumped-up pot bust. She was taken care of in great part by Terri Faires, who I had met before Vortex. Terri was one of the courageous people who was at the farm through the whole wild ride.

My grandmother came and visited and enjoyed herself. She sat in the rocking chair. People here took good care of her. My parents arrived in September, picking up Isha and arriving at the height of the vegetarian-carnivore controversy. Every freako diet was making its claim. Purists on all sides. I actually threw a cabbage at this guy for harassing me for sauteeing cabbage leaves. He was a raw-fooder. I'm still ashamed of throwing the cabbage.

In September we went to San Francisco for an Arc-We-Kidding-Ourselves meeting on Hippie Hill, a council to reassess our efforts toward the gathering. It was another very beautiful council with a lot of strong supportive energies.

Everywhere we went, we posted the invitations to the gathering. Back at the Farm, I was finishing the dome and trying to make in with Karen and Eden. It was a wet, rainy fall and the population at the farm simmered down. September, October, we did the crafts fair route - Saturday markets, the Country Fair, the Blue Unicorn Crafts Fair. We made wooden toys for the Christmas Fair. We could make a little spot cash, but we never had it together with any business sense.

On the spur of the moment, I drove with Kausha, Karen, little Eden, Linda and little Peyto across America to visit Grandma for winter holidays. On the East Coast, everywhere we stopped we gave out gathering info. I went to Boston and hung out at Project Place, a clinic/self-help center. I visited Toronto where the draft-evaders and drop-outs from the military merged with Toronto's Aquarian culture. I went to Florida and met up with the Flower Family in Daytona Beach and the wild, overgrown ultimate Yippee house in Coconut Grove. We made announcements of the gathering at rock festivals. Was at in meditation with the 3 HD's, ate prasadam with Krishnas.

Then we booked an up to Washington DC and brought these invitations into the Capitol building. We visited all the representatives' and Senators' offices - all 530 some odd of them. We had already sent the invitations to the governments of 120 nations and to all their representatives at the UN and to 480 world religious bodies listed in the almanac. We brought an invitation to The National Archives and visited Woodstock, New York, where Nina Grabox, a Long Island housewife and educator who had been a Milbrook associate prophetess with Timothy Leary, adopted us and declared herself the Rainbow den mother. Also, there was family - the Woodstock version of the People's Community Referral Service. They really centered the Northeast's approach to the gathering during the next few months.

While I was in New York City, Barry arrived, having come

across country via the southern route on a bus called the Blue Goose. And out of many scenes he related, he talked about the bus's visit to the Hopi lands.

He told how they had arrived at the beginning of one of the Hopi ceremonies where the elders of the tribe speak the long, memorized oral histories of their tribe. It's a several-day event. Although the Hopi had already allowed many male visitors who were not Hopi to attend this ceremony, he thought this was the first time they had allowed non-Hopi female visitors. As the elders intoned the oral histories, they were translated in a whisper for the Rainbow people by younger Hopis.

Near the conclusion, they recounted the prophecy of the warriors of the rainbow—how they would ride either in peace spreading understanding, or in a giant storm of fire—after a number of other prophecies had come true. These prophecies included wires across the land like a giant spider web that you could send messages through—a period when the red man would become like the white man and the white man would then become like the red man—very specifically that white men would become imbued with the malignant spirit of the Indian peoples and would practice some of their traditional ceremonies. And the warriors of the rainbow would come to the Hopi bringing with them the lost Hopi stone tablet signifying the land and they would return the tablet to the Hopi people.

I told Barry about this tablet we found after the corn planting and I called Kauskul and requested that he go immediately to the cedar stump and pick up that tablet and wrap it up carefully and hold on to it.

I traveled back across Canada and arrived back at the farm where things were in rather good swing. Major and Jack were

co-ordinating the garden. My old buddy Howdy said the winter had been rather rough, but things were better. A lot of trees had been spaced out, but the vibe was mellow. Dominic was still there. He'd arrived the previous summer and been in and out of the scene since then. He was head cook at the farm. He was cooking when the Hari Krishna people arrived. They had heard that we were a farm full of people that practiced chanting, so they came with two temple presidents and a van full of devotees. They had an idea that we might want to turn the farm into a Hari Krishna sheep and goat ranch. We said "No, but let's start chanting."

We chanted three days non-stop on and on. We took sleep in shifts. They liked the fact that we knew Hindu chants besides Hari Krishna. It was actually a marvellous time.

In March or April '72, we picked up the stone and 13 of us traveled in a three-car caravan via eastern Oregon, Idaho and Utah towards the Hopi lands in Arizona. Romeo, an Indian brother, came on this adventure. Rob Roy came. We were a strong crew. Karen was there. I didn't have much belief that we could be taken seriously by the Hopis. This could be another one of those wacko space stories. In our travels we had been taken seriously by our own peer group and less so by the elders of Buddhist churches.

When we arrived in the region, we decided that we had to center in the old terms that would be purify ourselves before we went into Hopi grounds. So we went to a place where there was a dry lake. We just sat there. What can I say about it? It was a long sit. The following morning, we brushed and braided and wrapped our hair in strips of cloth. We knew this to be a sign of respect. Some of us did it in traditional Hopi style.

First we went to Thomas Banyacya. He's the interpreter for the Hopi elders. But he wasn't at home. This was at Hotevilla. We were going on to Grandfather David Monongye's, but one of us

knew a kiva place in Hotevilla and said we should sit and give prayers there. We went to the kiva. We knocked and were met by an older woman. We asked if it would be possible for us to do a silent prayer in the kiva. She looked at us, looked down at the ground, looked back at us and said no, gently explaining that there had been problems with things like that before.

We thanked her for her time and split. Caravanning in our cars to Old Oraibi where Grandfather David lived, we talked about some of the previous offenses and wacko stuff that these gentle Hopi have had to put up with - hippies, dope-smoking, beatniks copulating, doing yoga exercises, beating oriental gongs - all in the kivas.

When we got to David's, we parked and sat down in a circle with an opening towards his door. Nothing happened. Three of us got up, knocked on the door. A voice said "Come on inside."

A radio was playing Tinny American music. There were some paper buckets of fried chicken on the table. A woman was feeding a couple of kids. An older woman sat quietly in the kitchen. But the kids were jumping up and down and playing. And through all this, Grandfather David said "Come on in, boys, what can I do for you?" and he motioned to the table. He asked if we were hungry.

I said "We've come here about a tablet."

"A what?" he said.

"A stone tablet that we found."

"Do you have it with you?" he said, suddenly looking very serious.

We said yes. It was as though the whole light in the room had changed. The woman's hand turned off the radio and she ushered the kids outside. Grandfather David

looked very seriously at us. His whole demeanor showed deep concern. The chicken buckets were whisked off the table. The little old woman lit a candle in the far corner of the room next to some kachina dolls who were on what was apparently a form of altar.

We explained that we were with a whole group of people that were seated outside. David said that he would get to meet everybody. And we went outside and brought the tablet in. First he just ran his fingers over it. He held it and examined it and asked how we had come by it. Very briefly we told the story - Hopi corn, meditation, after wards finding the rock.

He said "Well, we are going to have to get the others" and he talked with the woman there about whether those they needed to contact were at home.

David gave us directions of where to meet him and the others in Hotavila. He came outside and met everybody. Someone from right next door went to contact other people and David said there were some stops he would make. Another Hopi elder Drove up just then. David talked with him briefly and he drove off.

We drove back in our three cars to Hotavila. David said he would meet us at Mina's house. It was apparent that the door we had knocked on earlier that morning at the kiva was Mina's door and the old woman was Mina. This time, somebody met us at the door, brought us inside and Mina welcomed us.

There were already several elders assembled. These elders were called kikmongwis. Most of them spoke in Hopi. When everybody had arrived, there were 17 kikmongwis. I later came to understand that this was about half of the full number of kikmongwis. David said that he would translate and the tablet was set out for everyone to see.

All 13 of us Rainbow people were present. We recounted the story and the Hopis would ask David questions in Hopi language which he would translate to us and he stopped periodically to translate our telling back into Hopi. The Hopi language has a kind of humming,

musical sound to it and when they would all talk among themselves at once, the sounds would harmonize. When the sound would stop, there would be everyone's hundred percent attention.

They asked lots of details. What colors were on the God's eye where the rainbow landed? How many rows of corn did we plant? What direction was the stone facing when we found it? How many people had handled it? At the end of the telling, we related very concisely the nature of ourselves as Rainbow people, as a spiritual tribe and our relationship to the earth.

Then they all spoke together in Hopi again. Grandfather David explained that Mina of the Bluebird Clan was the one who would know. She came forward and spoke very clearly to us and also to the other Hopi, recounting how in fact there was a missing piece of one of their tablets and how there were prophecies of the return of the missing piece. She explained how she had been entrusted by her father with the tablets - among which was the one with the missing piece.

Then she said it was quite clear to her that the stone before us was of a different material and did not seem to have an edge that would fit together with the tablet that was in her possession. However, she said, her father had instructed her in an instance such as this, she should bring the stones together and actually try to match them up.

So she picked up the stones and walked out of the room. The Hopi's all started talking in Hopi. I felt from the sounds that some of them plainly felt that this might be connected to their own prophecies and others felt "Oh, no, not again! White man coming in the name of our traditions to take something else from us!"

Mina came back. She said "No. It was just as I had thought."

It didn't fit and it's a different kind of stone."

Then she spoke to the Hopis in Hopi and they dis cursed it for a while. Was I disappointed? No. I was absolutely amazed that they took us so seriously.

Then David spoke to us clearly on behalf of the group: "There are two important things. The first is, whether or not you are the Rainbow people that are in our prophecies, you are Rainbow people. Second, it is clear we are both working for the same great creator spirit."

And his hand went back and forth between the Hopis and the Rainbow people. Then he said "This tablet is your tablet and he gave us a number of ways in which tribal peoples should take care of such tablets - wrap it carefully, no photos of it, no rubbings, no drawings, open the wrappings at the right times.

One of our group spoke about how we were a very young tribe, like a grandchild tribe and how they were an old tribe with grandparently wisdom - was there anything we could do to help them?

Again they spoke among themselves and David said "Anything you can do to drive the demons off the temple mountains, the forces that are mining and selling our temple mounts. If you could get them off there, you would indeed be warriors of the Rainbow."

We went from there to the mesa on the Navajo reservation where a white man named Jacques lived. That was beautiful too, and we got lost in the dunes. Then we headed north towards the Pacific Northwest to assemble the booklet, The Rainbow Oracle.

The material for the Oracle had been collected, donated, sent in by mail, passed by hand, and we met with anyone who wished to work on the project at a ski lodge on the side of

Mount Hood. The printer from Vision Works had lent us a selectric typewriter with different type faces. We worked on the Oracle solid around the clock for a week. Jack Armstrong did calligraphy. The booklet turned into a book. Michael Green sent us a spectacular cover. The whole first half was about the gathering. The whole second half was about everything else that we had material on that we perceived as relevant to this new cultural development: gardening, alternative education, solar and wind and tidal energy, ecological activism - lots and lots of subjects - social, political, spiritual and economic. Every other page was a picture or a diagram. Lots of artists gave us illustrations.

At the end of a week we went to Eugene, where at Vision Works, Sean and Katie from Jade Rabbit Press guided us through the process on an old multi-lit and A.B. Dick offset presses. As the pages came out, they were carted off to the Free University that Emily and Bill Wooten opened to us where everyone who wanted to volunteer could help by folding the pages.

Vision Works had already produced several important cultural works, among them the Weather Underground's Prarie Fire and Bill Drake's Culturalists Guide to Marijuana. They did a great job working with us. We printed the Rainbow Oracle in all different color inks. Too bad you couldn't read the yellow. The center fold was left absolutely blank.

There were 5,000 copies. We misprinted 200 of them. The Rainbow Oracle had 144 pages, including the blank center fold. We had actually planned to call the book Practically Yours Plus Ours, but when Michael Green's cover art arrived, it said The Rainbow Oracle. That caught us stone cold. Pretty much we'd been going round the clock two weeks straight, mid-May until early June.

From the Free University, boxes of books went off by car or by back pack in every direction. Karan went with a trunkload to the East Coast. People brought them to New England, Florida, Texas, Canada and Europe.

I went to Colorado. We drove non-stop in my station wagon - myself, Tom Mitchell, Patterson and Sky Blue, who had worked on the artwork for the Oracle. I had already been there earlier with Barry - two cars full of us to scout a site. We had gone at that time to Aspen and met two young guys, Ed and Steve, I believe who mentioned Table Mountain to us. We looked at Table Mountain. There was nothing on it. It overlooked the lake. It was a kind of humble, grassy plateau, surrounded by 360 degrees of spectacular snowcapped peaks. It looked like the perfect place. During that scouting mission, we visited the state capitol and invited them like we invited everybody else. They treated us like we must be kidding.

Anyway, this time in Colorado, by the time we landed there, the state had shut every camp ground within 50 miles of Table Mountain for repairs, had barbed wired Table Mountain itself and had called out 4,000 National Guard for maneuvers at Grand Lake, north of Table Mountain.

We went through Broomfield, where there was a Rainbow Information Station, then through Boulder on our way to the Table Mountain area. In Boulder, the Titanic Co-op opened rooms and a giant kitchen. The press had been in an uproar. They'd never really heard of anything like a gathering before. They were in anti-rock festival hysteria. We spent all night baking bread, banging out a press release and called a community meeting and a press conference for the next day. We invited any officials of anything to come and be present.

At the press scene in the basement of the Titanic co-op, we explained that this was not a rock festival. It was

something altogether new and different. The press challenged the idea that any of us had any sense about what was going on in the Table Mountain area. We handed out the Rainbow Oracle. That's this was something new for them to absorb.

We zigged down to Denver to meet Governor Love. We told him our governor was love also. We explained our spiritual call as best we could and likened the National Guard to Pharaoh's chariots. We met with alternative press, straight press and one community group after another. Then non-stop to the Table Mountain area, where we had heard there was an encampment. Forward into the vision!

This is what we found. The camp was huddled on 40 acres of wheatfield just outside the town of Granby. A fellow named Paul Geisendorfer had offered it to a few passing Rainbows as a place where they could camp - maybe 400 people - vans, buses stuck all over the place. It was a disgruntled scene. Most of the people were unhappy to have come all that way to find the road to the mountain shut. A couple of small camps were having fun playing a little music, making the best of it, but most everybody was trying to figure out where to next, or getting ready to go home.

Friar Tuck, Rob Roy and Leika Fawn had a kitchen going. Most people were eating at their own vehicles. Rob Roy laid it out all real straight forward. No easy solution. We decided to have a pot luck dinner the next night. A lot of people didn't want to have anything to do with it. To them we said "Well, at least have one nice dinner before we all go."

The dinner was nice and afterward we had a council. A lot of people spoke about how pleased they were that they didn't arrive and find the whole thing (or at least part of the thing) open and set up and functioning. I said we should wait till our numbers got large enough and the

more onto Table Mountain.

Paul Geissendorfer got up. He had a knack for speaking gently. He explained how we were in his field and that we were welcome to stay there, but that he knew of a much better place. Then he told us about Strawberry Lake, which was also his, and that he'd seen that place first in a vision during the Korean War after he had escaped from a POW camp. He'd been in the wilds for days and days and had had the vision of the establishment of a city of peace. After the war he'd come back and had acquired this place and was ready to lead us right to it.

Some of us were skeptical. A lot of people were ready to go to the lake immediately. Some folks said they were going there no matter what. Paul said he would go with those folks right before dawn, and the council decided to send a delegation, both pro and con, to check it out and report back to the larger group.

In the hours surrounding the 17th of June, 1972, Paul and this group - which included me - went around the south shore of Lake Granby in a car, a truck and a van, and then hiked up the two and a quarter miles to Strawberry Lake. The site was just spectacular - a vast, open meadow with a lake a quarter-mile wide, all surrounded by evergreen forests rising up to purple rock mountains with snow on them. It was radiant. It was moving. People were kissing the ground and setting up camp.

Paul explained we should get as much of our group and supplies up the hill as quickly as possible, just in case the police decided to close the road. We went back to the parking lot in the wheat field. Everybody began to move out. Camp set up really fast at Strawberry Lake. There were lots of supplies and maybe 1,000 people - everybody from the parking lot was there by the time the police closed the road a day later.

Strawberry Lake was accessible from a number of directions. There was a 4-mile hike over the Continental Divide, entirely by

trail. There was a road from the north of the lake that connected with a number of small mountain roads. Eventually the police closed them, one after another.

A number of reporters were inside. They were having a field day watching the camp grow. New people were streaming to the parking lot. The police at the gate were watching them. A shelter was built as a map house.

I drove back to the parking lot from Strawberry Lake, just before the police closed the road. We worked scheme after scheme after scheme to get groups of people to Strawberry Lake. There were lots of hiking ways to get in - all of them long. The best hiking route cut across a private ranch for a short distance. The ranchers and their hands came out one time, all armed. The Rainbows put a loaf of bread as a sign of friendship on a fence post. The ranchers shot the loaf of bread off the fence post. I heard that from Chuck Wind song, who was the first Rainbow to connect with Paul. Chuck was a strong energy in all these entrance maneuvers.

Most of the entrance attempts were successful. Decoy convoys of vehicles were a great part of the plan. We were having a lot of fun. They would draw off several of the patrol cars near the front gate. Sometimes two or three convoys would go out and only one of them was really planning to let off people to go over the mountains to Strawberry Lake. The others would recircle back to the parking lot.

One group I was with had a wrong turn and wound up in Granby's main streets. Another group I was with went through these railroad yards. The law had a look-out in the railroad tower. We went hiking along the edge of a railroad embankment, just out of their line of sight. 300 people with backpacks. We went 13 miles over a saddle between two mountains and then into the Strawberry Lake Valley. Feather was there and I helped carry her daughter.

There was a lot going on. The state legislature passed an Outdoor Mass Gathering Act aimed at us specifically. The court case against us under the act went to Steamboat Springs, Colorado and the ACLU helped defend us. Hitch hikers were routinely arrested. People who had less than \$50 in their pockets were cited for vagrancy. Vehicles were checked on dozens of roads. I saw a vehicle with a one-inch long crack in the windshield which had been pulled over and forbidden to be driven. People took their gear and hiked on. The record will show 700 or more people were actually arrested.

The state towed vehicles to the Granby airport. For \$75 you could get your car out. Paul's parking lot was filling up fast. We parked, took our gear and hiked out. They asked us - what the hell were we doing? We said "Saving you the trouble of towing us. We're just gonna send our cars here."

Up at Strawberry Lake, various delegations of officials hiked in. The sheriff planned a 40-person motorcycle entourage, but a rock slide closed the route. Other delegations hiked in. State Health Department people and every kind of cop they had. Some of these people actually saw us as not a threat. John McGiver, head of CBI - Colorado Bureau of Investigation - took the "I don't see what all this fuss is about" position. Many law enforcement people were friendly. Basically they saw us as peaceful people. McGiver explained that there was a meeting at the governor's coming up and he wanted pictures of our spring-taps, kitchens and shitters.

Later we heard that some law enforcement agencies had suggested that they tear gas us from the air, but the Arapaho National Forest people were horrified at that and said they'd much rather let us stay and leave us alone than do that.

Now Strawberry Lake was actually private property, but it didn't belong to Paul Geisendorfer, we were this deep into it when we found that out. Paul had had trouble keeping up with

all the payments and he had sold it to his father and his father's buddy, a real estate agent. They offered to sell it to us for some outrageous figure, though for below real market value. We just had to give them a dollar a person for each of us as a down payment.

Then suddenly the state threatened to arrest these two guys, the owners, if they didn't order us off their property immediately. So we backed off the Strawberry Lake property into the Arapaho National Forest, using the lake area only in the daytime.

Karen arrived with a caravan from Woodstock, New York. There were 5 vehicles. They filled the parking lot to overflowing. The courts upheld the Outdoor Mass Gathering Act and the council at the parking lot decided to hoist up its back packs and walk en masse to the blockaded road. About 5,000 people did this. Singing - balloons - musical instruments. The assorted sheriffs and deputies at the blockade, faced with the on-the-spot decision, let the group go by. Near the blockade was a large, flat area, part of the Shadow Mountain National Recreation Area. We began parking cars there, hiking in. It was eight miles. It was a continuous stream of people.

Inside the gathering, neighborhoods developed. Fire watch, food supply, kitchens - all magical, untamed, uncharted, a steam sweat and a mud sweat. There was a public library and a geodesic information booth. Let's just say the gathering was really happening. There was positivity. Love, co-operation, all the good vibrations.

When the Little Harlem kitchen turned out repeated meat dishes, there was a fuss all over from the food conflicts of those times. There was a council at the kitchen and a great deal of discussion concerning respect for our differences. Solutions are like that have contributed to the survival of our culture.

As we approached the Fourth of July, the camp became divided between those wanting to go to Table Mountain for the meditation and those wanting to stay at Strawberry Lake. As usual, everybody made up their own minds. Table Mountain was still blockaded. We said "Everything's going really smoothly. Don't blow it up now. We're just gonna go up to the mountain and do our meditation and come back."

The group going to Table Mountain started at midnight on the third. It was maybe nine miles to the mountain. It was a beautiful pilgrimage. At the bottom of the mountain in the early morning light, a steady stream of people was climbing over the barricades that the state had left there. Police of every denomination stood around the bottom of the mountain and watched us. The National Park Service had flown in a 50-person riot squad. They were black-uniformed helmeted. They had motorcycles and elaborate gear. They were all hanging around the lake shore doing nothing. One of them joked "This is just like a vacation. You folks are peaceful. We don't have to do anything."

All morning people ascended the mesa-like mountain. One group carried up a tremendous fruit feast. People lined the rim top of the mountain, looking out in all directions. There was a very mysterious unformed feeling. Towards noon, people began to center at one place in a cup-like meadow. I turned and looked, and all the people walking from different parts of the meadow looked like one enormous person. There was a head-shaped mass of people off in the distance. Two streams of people coming in from the edges that looked like arms. A long body of people moving towards the central area that was in the heart. Where the fruit and food was stacked was the belly. I blinked and shook my head a few times, but it was still there.

I started walking towards the central meditation. When I looked again, the vision was all gone. People were seated together, very silent. There was a long, long O.M. It was very silent again. Later, there was a fruit feast and we returned to Strawberry Lake.

There had been an OM circle there. Everyone at each of the two scenes said "You should have been there." It was clear that everybody had been in just the right place. SAC

Far too quickly in the next couple of days, the encampment broke up. There wasn't any particular notion of any second gathering to come.

On the way out, myself and a bunch of others who had worked with this effort for the past couple of years met and camped by the lakeside. The area we were in was quickly over-camped by lots of other departing gatherers, so we moved to the other side of the lake.

That evening, a police team swooped in on the area where we'd been camped. They checked everybody's ID there. They were looking for me and Karen. I got this from Karen, who was still there waiting for some baggage when the police came. When she saw them coming, she started breastfeeding Eden. When they asked her for ID, she said "I left all that world behind me on the mountain." They thought she was a space fiake and they left her. She watched them confer, decide that, "They're not here" and leave. The next morning we did leave in all directions.

Karen and I went and took a long, hot shower. Our life at Rainbow Farm and the lives of almost everyone involved with the Farm were actually very monogamous. The country commune scene as I saw it overall was a very monogamous scene - deep bonding relationships reinforced by gardening, home building and so on. This was in contrast to the previous years in Portland where sexual and psychedelic experimentation was rampant. Our bonding through the back-to-the-land experience prevented either of us from fulfilling those urges. This led to a very frustrating, conflictful relationship. We had flirtations and endless hassles, and that was why Karen and I went our separate ways in May-June of '72 - she to

Woodstock and I to Colorado - after the Rainbow Oracle was printed.

Shortly thereafter, I had my first new relationship since 1969. What a pleasure and a relief! But I wasn't about to enter a new long-term relationship, and in a lot of ways, my previous three years did leave me very innocent. In the comings and goings towards Strawberry Lake, I had a number of short-lived sexual encounters. Some I still recall as being among the most intense I ever had. Others caught me up in a net of jealousy and a couple genuinely schooled me in the arts of love.

I had a tent set up near one end of the Colorado encampment and after the great hike through the road block, I was standing near my camp and saw Karen coming down the hill with Eden on her back. Karen appeared to me the most beautiful of them all, and I spent the gathering very close with her.

At the far end of the gathering, in this long, hot shower, Karen laid it out - "It's either them or me. It's either all these wild adventures or me." I tried in that moment to look as deeply as I could into what was important.

"OK" I said "You!" I really meant it. I felt with the gathering behind us, in some way I had already done all I could possibly do in the way of social-spiritual politics. I was genuinely glad for the opportunity to plan and make a life of peace with a beautiful, intelligent woman.

"Let's go to the mountains just you and I" I said. By the time we were out of the shower, hand in heart in hand into the Sangre de Cristo mountains where we spent the next month and a half. We hiked in five miles to Bushnell Lakes and camped at 11,000 feet just below a 100-foot waterfall. It was a spectacular, mellow, cleansing experience. We did yoga, writing, painting, drawing, drawing. Eden climbed on the rocks. It was one of the nicest times I ever had.

When the nights got too cold in August, we hiked down out of the mountains, purchased a large number of glass beads, string necklaces and traveled towards southern California, trading beaded goods. At the Flea market in Albuquerque, we met Jay Sun and Feather.

In California, we did the Venice Street Fair, boutique marketing in Santa Barbara. We visited with the Brotherhood of Eternal Love in Laguna Beach, attended one of their many trials at the Orange County courthouse and slowly booked north up the California coast. We camped and watched the condors near Montaña de Oro. What a gorgeous place - right on the earthquake fault. Those jerks who call themselves the government and the utilities have since built themselves a nuclear power plant right on the spot.

We came up through Oregon and landed in the fall of 1972 back at the Rainbow Farm. It was a different scene. The gentle gardeners had long since packed up and moved to greener pastures. The Philly Crew - a couple of fellows from Philadelphia who had been to the farm in '71 and gone back to Philadelphia and returned with some of their friends - and those Rainbow Farmers who were macho enough to put up with them - were what remained. Horses and rifles were in abundance. The disempowered street children of a major urban center suddenly had a home. They were ready to protect it against all comers, especially space flakes and New Age goof-balls for whom they had no respect - and vegetarians, whom they characterized as unrealistic, spoiled children of the upper class.

There were some clear, strong attributes. Wayne of the Philly Crew was a young paternal figure with a strong, righteous sense of protecting his family. Arupa and Isupé were the Wendys to the Lost Boys. Tim played banjo. Barefoot meditation was out - chainsawing was in. Without going into a lot more detail, it was clear to me that this was not what Karen had in mind. After a short visit, we migrated north to Eugene, stayed with